Spool

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Spool

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Summary

Will gives some thought to what Hannibal said about desire.

Notes

[Spool, intransitive verb,
1 : to wind itself on a spool
2 : to be wound or unwound]

Hannibal sat on the sofa, clear view of the whole room, tablet forgotten in his lap.

“Fate has bound us with strings, in such a way that I wear you around my neck, Will.”

They didn’t know how they’d ended up on the subject, but the dry air lent itself to it.

“Necklace or noose?”

“At times, when I can hardly breathe, the difference becomes an illusion. If it chokes, does it matter the nature of the tightening?”

Will turned from the bookshelves to face the voice; he looked exhausted, but strangely youthful.

“If it chokes ***you*** , *what do you think it does to me?* I seem to have swallowed this string, but you knew that already, it must spool out every time I bleed.”

A contained sigh, lingering gaze. Hannibal’s eyes seemed to widen at the realization.

“Has it started to fray?”

Weighted tongue, creased brow and a moment of hesitation. Will’s heartbeat palpable.

“It 's intact. Couldn’t damage it even if I tried”

Hannibal thought the conversation might be over, there was a finality in the weight of the answer. Yet he could hear the whirring of the other man’s thoughts.

“I can’t live without you, can’t sever the tie,” he re-started, soft and honest, avoiding eye contact “and it was terrifying at first.”

A stifled little smile of despair, shaking his head as if wanting to avoid laughing.

“I wanted to hate you for it.”

Still looking at his wringing hands, acutely tuned ears to the other man’s stillness.

“But I- I’m incapable of hating you, even when I knew I should’ve, even when I tried tricking myself into it…”

Will’s voice had hushed into a whisper, as if he couldn’t hear himself say what he’d thought for so long.

“because… no matter how many times you’ve scarred me, I keep coming back one way or the other. ”

They stood side by side now, Hannibal tilted his head upwards. Their intimacy laid in words and looming presences.

“I always get pulled right back," he licked his lips, " *I want you* to pull me back.”

Sitting besides him, shuffling for less space between them.

“Isn’t that enough?”

There was a plea in his eyes, a silent prayer, Hannibal could tell.

“It’s more than enough for me, Will. I think it’s yourself that you have to convince.”

A hand on his knee, firm squeeze.

“Do you want anything else from me that I have not shared with you already? And if you do, why have you held back on asking for it?“

The slight raise of an eyebrow, the sickly smell of doubt.

“It seems like you haven’t been allowing yourself to obtain what you desire. As the implications may be weighing heavily on you.”

He opened his mouth to speak but closed it. What was he going to say? The older man continued.

“ But, remember, Will, there are no longer restrictions. The sea has eroded them.”

Hannibal slipped through his fingers like water, buttoning his waistcoat before leaving.

“I’d better start cooking” (implied, *I’ll be in the kitchen if you need me*)

Gathering his thoughts, now alone in the room, one broke the surface. This was his new life. This was the real him. *Will Graham is dead, long live Will Graham.*

He needed a shower.

Water dripping, hitting the tiled bathroom floor rhythmically. A melody. Will stopped to listen, as all calm swirled out of his head.

He wanted this. He really did. As much as he'd loved Molly and Walter, as much as he'd tried to stay between the smell of motor oil and dog hair, he'd never felt as alive as he did now.

A lifetime spent on dulling his senses, his imagination, by keeping himself on a leash out of fear, out of shame. Keeping himself hidden because he knew how everybody else saw and felt, and assumed him to be. He'd fed them by omission, by choosing not to speak up. He'd believed in a designer-made truth. He'd been living as the shell of a lie for too long.

There no longer was a leash, Hannibal was right. Yet, some restraints are ingrained in him, and not even the years were loosening those buckles.

Hands travelling to rest on the width of his scar. He remembered all the times he'd had his belt buckle loosened, far and few:

At college, by rough fingers that ended on black chipped nail polish, back when he was young and pliable. Back when he could not separate the way others felt from the way he did.

A few weeks after quitting the force, by the nice woman who ran the pet shop and nursed poisoned pigeons back into health. That should've said it all, her hands were scratched and bruised, but he was too lonely.

As lonely as when he'd decided to let Margot use him, as he was using her, taking what they needed from each other.

He didn't think about Molly. She shouldn't be in that list.

Heat pooled in his stomach, *should Hannibal belong in that list?*

Will wasn't quite sure what his intentions were when he sat down for dinner that evening, or if he did, he wasn't sure he'd admit them to himself. The man sitting opposite him recognized that tilt in his head, those relaxed creases around his eyes. Lure-like, presentable bait. Delighting in the up-to-no-good look, a small smile to himself. Hannibal was pleased, as the other man had apparently thought about what he wanted, and he couldn't wait to hear. Couldn't wait to *hunt* together again.

The meal went by fast, as it did most days now, but they stayed talking, even opened a Torrontés. Fleetingly, he thought that Hannibal seemed to pick his locations out of his taste in wines. He did not complain, he liked good wine as well as anyone. Even if its individual subtleties evaded him.

"I must say, I do prefer rosé, but I felt like white would suit the dessert better."

"I didn't think there'd be dessert"

"You took so long in the shower, you gave me time to prepare one"

He hinted a laugh as Will brought the glass to his lips. "Créme brûlée"

"Would you do the honors?" Fingers lingering when passing the spoon, catching his reflection on the curved silver.

The crackle of the sugar rang around the house. Even food held back musical notes. The scrape of silver against porcelain. Will wanted more melodies in his life, wanted to hear the tapes unwinding, thoughts unraveling and hitting the floor with the same ringing. Wanted to be proficient at an instrument or other.

Desire was one, was he going to learn how to play it?

Hannibal stole quick glances, confused as to why the other man was eating so fast. Blue eyes glinted. Mixed in with his general *I need answers* look -god knew Hannibal had seen it enough times- he had a particularly new expression. He couldn't pinpoint which or why, for that matter, but the other man simply radiated whimsy.

He stood up, catching some of the good mood himself, and removed the leftovers *(not that Will had left anything, he'd done everything but lick it clean)* .

Amiable silence still coating the dining room.

The plates and empty bottles of wine clinked against the steel counter. With the corner of his eye, he saw him leaning against the wall. Strange, but he didn't give it much of a thought.

Until he attempted to walk out.

Will had taken him by his tie, bringing him closer, but not too close, as if orbiting each other for a fraction of a second. Hannibal let himself be guided, he was intrigued, if not something else entirely.

Leaning in, lips millimeters away from brushing his ear.

"Are you as hungry as me, doctor Lecter?" hinging heavily on the wet sound of the tongue when rolling 'Lecter', all harsh consonants.

He let go. His legs wanted to give in. Flush. Will took one step forward, caging him in with his eyes. He was waiting for a reply.

A gulp. *"I'm starving,"* he said breathlessly.

They locked lips, and Hannibal’s thoughts became theremins playing dissonantly, untuned harpsichords crashing into each other. He grasped the back of Will’s head, grasped his hair, trying to remember how to form words, sentences. He wanted to say, *Are you sure about this?* and *Maybe we shouldn't after so much wine* and *This is what the forbidden apple must have tasted like* . Yet all that came to mind was gasps for air and jumbled chords, gripping with his free hand the edge of the door frame for stability.

The younger man had already taken out his tie, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and was halfway through his shirt before Hannibal rested his hands on Will's. They both stopped, creating a distance between their lips. Will took in the sight, Hannibal had never been so disheveled (*except maybe when he'd disemboweled you, but that’s going to change soon*)

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Shaky and high, the nervousness that comes when it all seems too good to be true.

" *You told me to allow myself to obtain my desires. To ask and you would provide.* ***Have I not made myself clear?*** " Low and quiet, almost stern.

He could feel the other man's erection through their clothing; that alone was spreading a fever through his body. But the dominance dripping from his words would have been enough to make him sweat.

"What d- *How* do you want me?" He licked his lips, hands frozen in place. Trying not to assume anything. A shudder, speaking, winding himself up even more. Trying very hard not to ask him what he really needed the other man to do to him.

"I want you under me, begging for more, as I rearrange your guts"

Falling back on the bed. Thick air, as Hannibal's fingers fumbled at the button of Will's dress pants. Looking up at those plush lips, those wild eyes, the same expression that had been dripping in Dolarhyde's blood.

The lights were on. Drawers opening, crinkling plastic. Catching a pile of clothes from the corner of his eye. His head was melting butter, waiting for sugar.

For once, no more façade, no more control to worry about. Both hands relegated to the headboard, Will's strength always caught him by surprise in the most delightful ways; his other hand keeping him pinned by the neck. Under his spell, happy to comply. If he wanted him immobilized, he wouldn't dare twitch a muscle. If Will wanted him, he wanted Will, in any shape or form.

Sunrays bathed him awake. Cold breeze, warmth besides him, hogging the sheets. The soreness of his wrists and neck surprised him, but he didn’t mind. If that’s the toll, the price he had to pay, for a front row seat to Will unraveling inside him, seeing his jaw slack, mouth agape, *blissed* , then he’d take it.

A stifled laugh. His body didn’t have to take any toll.

He reached for his tablet, and started to browse for *silk restraints* .

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